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A

NARRATIVE OF FACTS,

RELATIVE TO THE

MASSACRE OF THE IRISH PROTESTANTS

AT

WEXFORD, SCULLABOGUE, AND VINEGAR HILL,

IN THE YEAR 1798.

AND THEIR ANALOGY TO

THE PRESENT POSITION OF PROTESTANTS IN AMERICA.

Selected from Musgrave's History of the Irish Rebellion.

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A NARRATIVE OF FACTS,

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INTRODUCTION.

There are few persons, comparatively, in this country, who comprehend why the Irish protestants, who have emigrated to the United States, are so apprehensive of the growing power of the Roman catholics. It is with a view to disseminate useful information upon this subject among the American people, and particularly with the rising generation, that the facts in relation to the massacre of the protestants at Wexford, Scullabogue, and Vinegar Hill, Ireland, in the year 1798, have been collected and thrown together, and are now published. The native American will not fail, during the perusal of these few pages, to perceive in what a remarkable manner the conduct of the Irish catholics, previously to, and while paving the way for these bloody massacres, corresponds with their recent acts and doings in this country, from which it will be learned that *here* nothing restrains their hands but the want of sufficient numbers. When that deficiency shall have been overcome by the incessant additions to their church by the daily importations that are taking place, the protestants of the United States, like their predecessors of Ireland, will be inevitably doomed to the same persecutions, the same massacres. Romanism is the same at all times and in all places, and although they may from policy or fear restrain their hands for a time, no sooner will they have gained sufficient strength and vigour from being warmed and animated on American hearths, than they will, viper-like, turn and sting their preservers.

Americans, while yet it is time, listen to the admonitions of history—take warning from the fate of others, and do not allow this fair land to be stained, as Ireland has been, with the innocent blood of those whose only offence is an adherence to the true religion of the pure Jesus, as learned from his life and sayings, and the writings of his holy apostles. Men of humanity and wisdom, do not, by your inaction, aid in the wild and bloody schemes of these unforgiving Romanists, who would fain trample under foot your boasted constitution, and betray you and your posterity to a foreign potentate. Politicians, of all parties, look well to what you are doing. By courting the approbation of Romanists, and calling in the aid of the bishops and priests, appointed and removed at the will of the Pope, you may gain some ephemeral advantage over some local political adversary, but remember, that by so doing, you *unite Church and State*, and thereby impair one of the most precious restraints of the founders of your religious and civil liberty. Read the following pages—mark the progress of events which they disclose—dwell upon the awful sequel they represent, and learn, from them, what is the only course for *you* to pursue, to preserve yourselves against the machinations of Romanism, the malice of popery, and the ambition of the Pope and his clergy; and that God in his mercy, may preserve you free and happy, is the prayer of

A Protestant Irishman.

MASSACRE OF PROTESTANTS, IN THE YEAR 1798.

The County of Wexford had been generally noted for the peaceable disposition of its inhabitants, and a chaste administration of justice, which might be justly imputed to the comfort, and the constant occupation, which its very extensive and flourishing agriculture affords to the farmers and the peasantry, and the number of gentlemen who reside on their estates. While many counties in Ireland were disgraced by nocturnal robbery and assassination, committed by defenders and united Irishmen, for five years previous to 1797, it was the pride and boast of the Wexford gentlemen, that their county remained in perfect tranquillity. But in the autumn and winter of the year 1797, and in the spring of the ensuing year, as there were well-grounded suspicions that the mass of the people began to be infected by those baneful principles, which have since proved fatal to the kingdom, that pikes had been manufactured, that clubs had been formed in which illegal oaths had been administered, meetings of the magistrates were held in different parts of the county, to take into consideration the necessity of proclaiming those districts, where symptoms of disturbance had appeared.

From the beginning of the year 1797, it was perceived, by some magistrates of discernment, that the lower classes of the people were very unwilling to pay their debts, or to fulfil any engagements; that they appeared surly when called on to do so; and they were heard, when angry, or drunk, to hint on such occasions, that they would soon have an opportunity of being revenged. They were seen to remain later than usual at fairs and markets, and in public houses, and to confer together in whispers.

So deep was the disguise of the popish multitude and their priests, that the protestant ministers, church-wardens, parishioners of some parishes, were prevailed on by them, to sign certificates of their loyalty and peaceable deportment, in order to prevent the adoption of salutary coercion, which would have checked their dangerous designs; yet those very priests, and their flocks, displayed the most bitter and unrelenting enmity against those ministers and their congregations in the month of May, and hunted them like wild beasts.

The symptoms of rebellion were so evident and alarming in the month of April, that twenty-seven magistrates assembled at Enniscorthy, on the twenty-fifth of that month, and agreed that the whole county should be proclaimed, and it accordingly took place on the twenty-seventh; but Mr. Joshua Pounder strenuously urged an exemption from its operation on that town, from a conviction of the loyalty of its inhabitants; and Mr. Alcock, of Wilton, from the same motive, solicited a similar privilege for his tenants; though the sequel proved that they were deceived. As one Webster, a

protestant neighbour of Dr. Murphy, was returning from Gory, he met him near Boulavogue, about four o'clock on Saturday, the twenty-sixth of April, and was saluted by him with great cordiality; and yet, in about three hours after, the Dr. was at the head of a numerous party of rebels, who burned the houses of Webster and his brother, and many of his protestant neighbours'. The Dr. collected his forces by lighting a fire on a hill called Carrigrua, which signal was answered by another fire on an eminence contiguous to his own house, at Boulavouge; soon after which father Murphy set out on his crusade at the head of a numerous band of followers. These outrages, the first symptoms of rebellion, were communicated to the garrison of Enniscorthy in the following manner: A party of these rebels attacked the house of the widow Piper, at Tincurry, four miles from that town, wounded her in a desperate manner, murdered her nephew, a young man by the name of Candy, and wounded her daughter, a married woman far gone with child, having broke her arm. Her other daughter narrowly escaped by leaping out of a window, mounted a horse, galloped off to Enniscorthy, and informed the garrison quartered there of these atrocities, at seven o'clock in the evening.

About the hour of eleven o'clock that night, the Enniscorthy and Healthfield yeomen cavalry, commanded by Captain Richards and Captain Grogan, proceeded to Tinkurry to disperse the rebels; and on their arrival there, found all the circumstances of atrocity related by the poor female fugitive to be strictly true; and they were also informed by the mother, that the assassins principally concerned in them were one Fitzpatrick and the Bulgers, a popish family, her near neighbours, with whom she had always lived in the closest friendship, and that their enmity could have arisen from no other motive, but because she was of the Protestant religion, and her two sons were in the service as yeomen.

The yeomen cavalry in progress that night overtook some of the rebels in arms, whom they put to death, and burned some of their houses, which their inmates had deserted, and from which the furniture had been removed and concealed. Soon after the yeomen returned to Enniscorthy, they were alarmed a second time, by the arrival of a young man of the name of Webster, who informed them that his father's house at Garrybritt, about five miles off, had been set on fire by a party of rebels, and that he made his escape after having rushed through the flames. On this intelligence, Captains Richards and Grogan set out a second time with their corps of cavalry in pursuit of the rebels; and on their arrival at Garrybritt, found the houses of the two Websters, brothers, John and Robert, in flames, and the two daughters, one of them both handsome and young, having narrowly escaped, were sitting in their shifts, in an orchard near the house, shivering with cold. Their father, a man of considerable substance, was in a moment reduced to poverty. The houses and property of all the inhabitants of the town of Ferns were plundered or destroyed, when they fled to Enniscorthy. The base ingratitude of the popish multitude towards Dr. Cleaver, bishop of Ferns, deserves peculiar attention. That amiable prelate, as noted for his great piety and extensive learning, as for his mildness and humility, resided constantly in his diocess, which was by far the best regulated in the kingdom. In the course of a few years, he had provided for about twenty curates, without any recommendation but their own merit; in consequence of which, his clergy were distinguished for their unremitted practice of every religious and moral duty. His Lordship and

Mrs. Cleaver were singularly charitable to all the lower class of people in the neighbourhood: he paid an apothecary in Ferns £30 a year to attend his labourers; and he regularly employed a physician when they were afflicted with maladies of a dangerous nature.

He supplied them with clothes and blankets every winter, and with provisions at Christmas; and yet, horrid to relate, those very labourers plundered his house of every valuable article in it, on the morning of Whitsunday, and openly avowed their thirst for the blood of him and Mrs. Cleaver. An orphan, whom he had found naked, and starving at the age of seven years, and whom he had fed, and clothed, and instructed for six years in his palace, was the leader of these savages, showed them every precious article of furniture, and assisted them in breaking open the cellar. He used to preside at the head of the table, and his toast was, "Damnation to all protestant bishops!" Some of his lordship's English maid-servants were eye-witnesses to these scenes of brutal ferocity.

A rebel, taken in arms near Scarawalsh Bridge, in the month of June, was asked why they did not destroy the bishop's palace when they plundered it, and he answered, that Father John Murphy, of Boulavouge, meant to keep it for himself.

Early on the morning of Whitsunday, Captain White, having been informed that the rebels had risen the previous night in great force, and were committing great outrages, proceeded to the place where they were said to be assembled, with his own corps, and that of Lord Courtown's. On his arrival there, he found the intelligence he had received to be true. He pursued the insurgents, which he could easily do, as their destructive progress was marked by the houses of protestants in a state of conflagration. He ordered some of the stragglers, whom he found in arms, to be put to death. One of them, whose life was saved, confessed to Captain White, that the party whom they pursued was headed by the Rev. John Murphy, of the parish of Hilcormuck; that they were determined to burn the house, and take the life of every protestant that came in their way; that the inhabitants of the country, for some miles round, were to assemble that night at Oulart, and were to plunder and burn all the protestant houses that occurred in their way thither. Captain White's party pursued the rebels within six miles of Wexford, in hopes of being able to engage them; but when they were within a musket shot of them, they halted, and faced about to give them battle; at the same time a party of them formed at each side of the road, with a view of surrounding them. The rebels amounted to about four thousand, and the yeomen cavalry, who were armed only with pistols and sabres, did not exceed eighty; and as they were enclosed in a narrow road, where they could not act, Captain White very prudently ordered them to retreat. He then recommended to his yeomen to get their families into Gory as fast as possible.

The general rising of the rebels became more numerous, the defeat of the North Cork detachment of Oulart, and the taking of Enniscorthy, had spread so great an alarm, that two hundred of the Donegal regiment, commanded by Lieutenant-colonel Maxwell, arrived at Wexford on the twenty-seventh day of May, to strengthen the garrison there, consisting of the remainder of the North Cork, which did not amount to three hundred effective men, the Healthfield and Enniscorthy cavalry, Captain Ogle's infantry, the Enniscorthy infantry and the Wexford infantry, commanded by Dr. Jacob, the Scarawalsh infantry, and the Wexford

and Taghmon cavalry. As an additional re-enforcement to the garrison, a detachment of the Meath regiment, and four officers, under the command of Captain Adams, and one corporal and seventeen gunners of the royal artillery, with two howitzers, commanded by Lieutenant Birch, marched from Duncannon Fort to Wexford, on Thursday, the twenty-ninth day of May.

When they arrived within four miles of Wexford, having seen ten or twelve men on an eminence near the road, they prepared for action; but after some time, not perceiving an enemy, they renewed their march. Having arrived near the mountain of Forth, three miles from Wexford, where the rebel camp was formed, they were surrounded on all sides by a great number of rebels, who raised a white flag, and soon after began a very severe fire, accompanied by the most dreadful yells.

The militia, panic-struck by the numbers of the enemy, and the darkness of the night, betook themselves to flight; in consequence of which, eighty-nine of the privates and three officers, including Captain Adams, who commanded, were cut to pieces; and, of the artillery, four gunners were killed; a corporal and eleven men were taken prisoners, and the howitzers and ammunition fell into the hands of the rebels. As soon as they had taken the artillerymen, they were proceeding to put them to death, but a rebel having asked of them what religion they were, a gunner, of the name of Dungannon, answered that they were Roman catholics, which saved their lives; though, in fact, six of them were protestants. Dungannon, being a papist, knew the object of their question.

Major-General Fawcett marched from Duncannon fort to Taghmon, with eighty of the thirteenth regiment and a party of the Meath, to support the detachment under Captain Adams; but, on hearing of their defeat, he returned. As soon as Lieutenant-Colonel Maxwell was informed of that event, he marched out with two hundred of the Donegal regiment, and about one hundred and fifty yeomen cavalry, to support the thirteenth regiment, who were expected that morning at Wexford. When he arrived at the foot of the Forth mountain, near the place where the detachment of the Meath regiment was cut to pieces, he was attacked by a numerous body of rebels, who maintained a heavy fire on his party, from behind rocks, hedges and houses, which lay at the foot of the mountain; and they discharged some shots at them from the howitzers, which they had taken that morning. For the purpose of embarrassing our troops, they drove a number of horses along the road amongst them, which in some measure produced the desired effect; and the confusion was very much increased by the precipitate retreat of the cavalry, who pent up in a narrow road, where they could not form or fire, found it necessary, for their safety, to fly to Wexford. On this, a great body of the rebels rushed down from the mountain, with a view of cutting off the retreat of the remainder of the troops, and which they would have effected, but that the Donegal regiment repulsed them by a heavy and well-directed fire. At last, Colonel Maxwell, perceiving that he would risk much, and that no possible advantage could be derived from maintaining his post against so great a superiority of numbers, ordered a retreat. In this action, Lieutenant-Colonel Watson, formerly of the fifty-sixth regiment, who had retired to Wexford, and who volunteered on this occasion, lost his life, and some privates of the Donegal were killed and wounded.

Lieutenant-Colonel Maxwell, after he returned, held a council of war, when it was resolved to evacuate the town as not tenable, for the

following reasons:—The rebels encamped on the Three Rock Mountain, not less in number than ten thousand, and, imboldened by their recent victories, and the large quantity of arms and ammunition which they had acquired, meditated an immediate attack on Wexford, and had even put themselves in motion for that purpose; and it is well known, that its rebellious inhabitants, who had been some time organized, and were well supplied with arms and ammunition, would have fired on the garrison from the windows, while they were defending themselves from the rebels outside; of which they had some convincing proofs.

The evacuation of Wexford took place on the thirtieth of May. The necessity of that measure was fully proved by this circumstance, that all the popish inhabitants of Wexford, with but few exceptions, displayed their rebellious principles in the most sanguine manner as soon as the king's troops left it, and produced great quantities of arms, which they would have turned against them, if the town had been attacked.

Such was the zeal of the rebels, that some of them endeavoured to seduce the soldiers of the Donegal regiment, during the short time they were in Wexford; and one of them in the suburb through which they retreated, brought to the door two loaded muskets, to fire at the columns when they were some distance; but a Donegal soldier, whom he did not perceive, happened to be near, and shot him.

The evacuation of the town, which for prudential reasons was not announced till the troops began their march, threw its loyal inhabitants into the utmost consternation. Those who foresaw that the event must have taken place, embarked a day or two before, in such vessels as they could procure; but those who had no intimation of it till the retreat began, got on board, precipitately, any vessels, even without decks, which happened to be near the shore. Some Protestants, of active and approved loyalty, dreading the immediate vengeance of the rebels, waded up to their middle, to small boats, in which they were to be carried to ships or sloops; and the boatmen, in many instances, exacted three or four guineas for conveying them but one or two hundred yards. Those whose infirmity or the want of money precluded from the hope of escaping by sea, abandoned themselves to despair, dreading the fate of the Enniscorthy loyalists.

Part of the garrison marched out of the barrier rather irregularly, and with precipitation, about an hour before the main body, consisting of the following troops:—The Scarawalsh infantry, commanded by Captain Carnock, and some loyalists in coloured clothes. Part of the North Cork, who were at the barrier, perceiving them, exclaimed, "What! the yeomen and loyalists who fought at Enniscorthy are retreating, and some of the yeomen of this town have united with the rebels; we won't stay here to be sacrificed;" on which they suddenly joined them. Captain Snowe, of the North Cork, endeavoured to make them return; but finding he could not influence them, thought it his duty to head them, not only to prevent them from committing outrages, but for their own preservation, to keep them in a state of subordination.

This party amounted to two hundred, including the soldiers of the North Cork. The main body of the garrison, consisting of the Donegal militia, part of the North Cork, and many corps of yeomen infantry and cavalry, followed in about two hours after, under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel Maxwell.

When the first party had advanced about four miles, they were informed that a large body of rebels lay in wait for them at a small village called Maglass, in the barony of Forth, about two miles farther on. They, therefore, by the advice of Captain Carnock, took a circuitous road towards the sea, and avoided them; which was very fortunate, as they might have been overpowered by the superiority of their numbers.

Disappointed of their object, the greater part of the rebels dispersed. However, about five hundred of them, who remained in a strong position at Maglass, attempted to oppose Colonel Maxwell's party, who routed and killed a good many of them.

About seven miles from Wexford, Captain Snowe overtook Mr. John Colclough and his wife in a phaeton; and as he, from residing in that country, and from being a rebel chieftain, had great influence there, the captain resolved to detain him as a hostage, to prevent any attack from being made on his detachment in their retreat. During their march, large bodies of rebels frequently appeared behind the hedges, ready to oppose them; and whenever that happened, Captain Snowe obliged Mr. Colclough to stand up in his phaeton, as a token of amity: at other times, Mr. Colclough waved his hat in the air, on which the rebels dispersed,—which evinced the great respect they bore him.

He had been liberated the day before, at Wexford, and said he was going to his house at Ballyteigue, in the barony of Forth, though, in fact, he was proceeding to join the rebels; yet, with singular dissimulation, he, standing in his phaeton, drank the king's health, and said, "Captain Snowe, remember that I am a loyal subject; I was committed on a charge grounded on the malicious information of a villain."

Next day, Mrs. Colclough triumphantly entered Wexford, which was in possession of the rebels, in her phaeton, adorned with green emblems.

They compelled Mr. Colclough to accompany them to the river Scarpass, when the tide being full, which made it impassable, they were under the necessity of making a tour at least ten miles.

About six miles from Duncannon fort, when it was extremely dark, they were attacked and fired on in the rear, by a party of rebel horse, commanded by John Murphy, of Lougharageer, who afterwards headed the Rossgarland corps of rebels, and was concerned in burning the barn at Scullabogue. The soldiers, after firing a few random shots, were panic-struck, and fled to Taylorstown bridge; on which, having thronged in great numbers, they were very much exposed to a heavy fire from the rebels, who were posted on an adjacent furze-brake on a hill.

Many persons were killed on the bridge, and among them, two women,—one a soldier's wife, the other a beautiful young girl, extremely well dressed, who was the daughter of an Enniscorthy Protestant, and who had retreated with them from that town.

About fifty of the North Cork and the yeomanry were taken prisoners, and a good many were killed. James Neale, one of the band of music, his wife, and another woman, who became their prisoners, were perforated with pikes in a most barbarous manner. After having stripped them of the principal part of their clothes, their bodies were conveyed to a newly-ploughed field, and covered lightly with sods. Neal's wife, in whom life was not quite extinguished, recovered in the night, and removed the sods; and, finding her husband's bloody shirt and waistcoat, she covered herself with them, and crept to Tintern, from whence she was sent on a car to Duncannon fort, and from thence to

Waterford, where she was completely cured in the hospital. Her legs, thighs and arms had many pike wounds; and her head was swollen and ulcerated with them.

As Captain Snowe's party, attacked in a strange country, and during a dark night, were panic-struck and dispersed, he was left quite alone, and arrived at Duncannon fort about seven in the morning, after having experienced various dangers and distresses, and overcome with fatigue and hunger. Lieutenant-Colonel Maxwell's party retreated by Maglass, Bridgetown, Baldwinstown, and Duncornuck, and the pass of the Scar, at Barrietstown; where, having been obstructed by the tide, they halted some time to refresh the troops, and went thence to Duncannon fort by Foulke's mill. Thus the retreat of the garrison of Wexford was in a great measure performed, during a dark night, in a country whose inhabitants were hostile, and in a state of insurrection; yet in the course of their march of eighteen hours, they had not received any nourishment.

Before I proceed to give the reader a description of the entry of the rebels into the town of Wexford, of which they got possession the 30th of May, and of the events which occurred there, I shall endeavour to give him an idea of their different strong posts and encampments, and of the objects which they were desirous of attaining; and in this, their plans appear to have been systematic, and guided by policy and foresight.

Confident of success, from their recent victories, and the numerous hordes assembled on the mountain of Fort and Vinegar-hill, and as multitudes were hourly flocking to their standard, they divided the army into three divisions.

One, under the command of Bagenal Harvey and father Philip Roche, of Poulpeasty, in the parish of Killan, was to form a camp on Carrickbyrne-hill, for the purpose of attacking the town of New Ross. Another, under father Kearns, Captain Doyle, and Captain Redmond, nephew of father Redmond, parish priest of Ferns, marched to Vinegar-hill, from whence they were to proceed to take Newtown-Barry. The third, commanded by Anthony Perry, of Inch, father Michael Murphy, of Ballycanoe, and father John Murphy, of Boulavogue, was destined to attack Gory; and, having taken it, to march to Dublin.

I will now proceed to relate the principal occurrences which took place in the town of Wexford, from Wednesday, to the thirtieth day of May, when the rebels got possession of it, till the twenty-first day of June, when they were expelled from it. Some time after it was evacuated by the king's troops, the rebels approached it, headed by Edward Roche, a farmer, who had been permanent sergeant in Colonel Lehunte's corps of yeomen cavalry; and having deserted from them on Whitsunday, became a rebel general. When they came to a place called the Spring, within two hundred yards of the town, they knelt down and crossed themselves, and prayed for some time. A person in the van of the army, when advanced to the middle of the town, having by chance fired a shot, the rear, who were outside, fled with precipitation, from motives of fear. As they passed through the streets, they uttered the most dreadful yells, and for three days after their arrival, they continued to plunder, every rebel gratifying his revenge against those towards whom he bore any enmity. They appointed a committee of seven, invested with supreme command, in which Bagenal Harvey was appointed president, after having been disposed, and a subordinate com-

mittee for the government of the town, which they divided into wards, in each of which they appointed an armed company, with officers of different degrees.

They then chose certain persons to distribute provisions, and for that purpose, to give tickets to the inhabitants to entitle them to a rateable proportion of them, according to the number of inhabitants in each house. The habitations of all the Protestants who made their escape were plundered, many of them were demolished, and but few of those who remained in the town were spared. All the Protestant men were immediately committed to prison, except a few leaders who were really attached to their cause, or who affected to be so, to save their lives, or those who concealed themselves.

On Trinity Sunday, the third of June, a man of the name of Murphy, of the popish persuasion, was shot in a small place, formerly called the Bull-ring, now Fountain-square, for having prosecuted a priest of the name of Dixon, for being a United Irishman. W. Middleton Robson, a gauger, and Messrs. Pigot and Julian, surveyors of excise, all Protestants and prisoners in jail, were brought forth and compelled to shoot him. By way of increasing the ignominy of his death, they had him executed by heretics. Previous to the execution, the rebel pikemen, who acted as guards, crossed themselves, knelt down and prayed some time for his soul. As soon as the victim fell, the bloody Thomas Dickson, first cousin of the priest, drew his sword, ran it through his body, and having held it up to public view, reeking with blood, exclaimed, "Behold! the blood of a traitor;" and then he ordered the surrounding pikemen to plunge their pikes into the body. Dixon, the priest, convicted on his evidence, was condemned to be transported. This execution took place, soon after the celebration of mass at the public chapel; and previous to it father Corrin, the parish priest, administered the rites of his church to him. Yet he, or any of the priests in Wexford, could have saved the life of Murphy without any difficulty. These facts were proved on the trial of Michael M'Daniel, one of the assassins, held at Wexford, the eighteenth of June, 1799.

On Monday morning, the fourth of June, another man of the name of Murphy, a papist, was shot, for having given information against the rebels. His executioners were three protestant prisoners, Charles Jackson, Jonas Gurley, and Kenneth Matthewson.* Edward Fraine, a man of some opulence, and who was supposed to gain £300 a year as a tanner, was officer of the guard. When the executioners were brought into the yard, Fraine addressed Charles Jackson, and had the following conversation with him:—"Mr. Jackson, I believe you know what we want of you." He answered, "Yes, I suppose I am going to die." He then fell upon his knees, and begged that he might be allowed to go and see his wife and child. Fraine swore he should not, and informed him, that a man was to die that evening at six o'clock, and that he did not know any more proper person to execute him, than he and the two others. He added, that he supposed that he could have no objection to the business, as the culprit was a Roman Catholic. Jackson replied, "Sir, should I have no objection to commit murder?" Fraine said, "You need not talk about murder: if you make any objections, you shall be put to death in ten minutes; but if you do your business properly, you

* These men were much esteemed in Wexford. Gurley and Matthewson were afterwards murdered by the rebels on the 20th of June.

may live two or three days longer; so I expect you will be ready this evening at six o'clock." Another rebel captain insultingly addressed him in the following manner: "If you could get a few orange ribands to tie round your neck during the execution, it would, I think, have a pretty appearance." The executioners were remanded to their cells, where they remained praying till six o'clock in the evening, when they were brought into the jail yard, where they found the prisoner Murphy surrounded by a thousand armed rebels.

The procession to the place of execution, which was about a mile and a half off, at the other side of the bridge, was in the following order: A large body of pikemen, who formed a hollow square; a black flag; the drum and fife; Murphy, the condemned man, next followed by Jackson, with Gurley and Matthewson behind him. When this arrangement took place, the dead march was struck up, and beat till they arrived at the spot where the victim was to fall a sacrifice to their fanatical vengeance. He was placed on his knees close to the river and with his back to it. Previous to the execution, the rebels knelt down and prayed for about five minutes; which ceremony was adopted as in the former instance. The rebels were ordered to form a semi-circle, with an opening towards the water. Charles Jackson asked permission to tie his cravat about the poor man's eyes; but they desired him not to be nice about such matters, as it would be his own case in a few minutes. When the musket was called for, it was suggested, that if they gave three at once to the executioners, they might turn about and fire at them. It was therefore resolved, that they should fire one at a time. Matthewson, the first person appointed to shoot, missed fire three times. They gave him another musket, with which he shot Murphy in the arm. Jackson was next called upon; and as they suspected that he would turn and fire on them, two men advanced at each side of him, with cocked pistols, and two men with cavalry swords were placed behind him, who threatened him with instant death if he missed the mark. He fired, and the poor man instantly fell dead; after which Gurley was obliged to fire at the body, while prostrate on the ground. It was then proposed that Jackson should wash his hands in his blood, but it was overruled, as some of the rebels said he had done his business well. A ring was then formed round the body, and a song in honour of the Irish Republic was sung to the tune of "God save the King."

This dreadful business took up about three hours, after which the executioners were marched back to prison. These circumstances relating to it are to be found in Charles Jackson's narrative, and they were confirmed by the evidence given on the trial of Matthew Green of Wexford, who was tried, condemned and executed there, for having acted as a rebel officer at this atrocious scene.

Charles Jackson informs us, and I have been assured by different persons of veracity, that protestants were frequently taken out of Wexford prisons, and conveyed to the different camps, and in particular to Vinegar-Hill, to be executed there. This was done whenever they were at a loss to supply the sacrifice of protestant victims, which was daily made, as a regale to the rebels when they were on parade.

James Lett, chandler, Richard Leech, master shoemaker, William Mooney, who kept the Fox-Inn at Enniscorthy, and John Hawkins, were taken from Wexford by a rebel guard, who was to convey them to the grand slaughter-house, Vinegar-hill. Finding that they were to die near their own homes, they prevailed on a rebel, who was attached

to them, to go before them with speed, and to prevail on their neighbours to come forward, and to use their friendly intercession for preserving their lives. The rebel guard, dreading that they might possibly escape through the humane interference of their friends, despatched them at a place called Lacken, threw them into one grave, and covered them lightly with sods. They were all, except Hawkins, half alive, when buried, and groaned and struggled a great deal, while the rebels were interring them.

On the morning of the twentieth of June, four protestants of the names of Cavenagh, Willis, Furlong, and Priscott, were conveyed from the jail at Wexford to Vinegar-hill, and shot there.

The defeat of the rebels at Ross, sublimated their vengeance against the protestants in most parts of the country, but particularly at Scullabogue, Vinegar-hill, and Wexford. Charles Jackson tells us, that on the day it was announced fifteen of the Wexford and ten of the Enniscorthy people, were ordered out of the jail, to revenge the loss that the rebels had sustained at Ross. He says, "When this notice was given, I ran into my cell, got upon my knees in a dark corner, and pulled some straw over me; but a man of the name of Pendergast* came in, drew me out, uttering shocking oaths against me. He dragged me into the yard, where I found my unhappy comrades on their knees. One of them who had been a protestant, but had become a papist, and who was now imprisoned on charge of being an Orangeman, requested to have the priest with him, before he died. This was immediately granted, and a messenger was sent to father Corrin, the Roman Catholic priest at Wexford. He presently came, and to give effect to his admonition and intercession, he dressed himself in his cowl, and bore a crucfix in his hand. He held up the crucifix, and all present fell on their knees. He exhorted them in the most earnest manner. He conjured, as they hoped for mercy, to show it. He said he could witness, that Wexford people had never fired upon them, that they were all good Catholics, and that he could not say mass for them, if they persisted in their cruel resolutions. At last he influenced them so far as to return into the jail the fifteen Wexford men; but for those from Enniscorthy he could obtain no remission for them, (being protestants.) They were conveyed to Vinegar-hill, and executed there. It was considered a great crime for the protestants to have defended their town against father John Murphy and his assassins.

It will reflect eternal disgrace, shame, and dishonour, on the popish priests of the county of Wexford, of whom numbers were constantly in town, besides those who resided there, for having suffered such atrocities to be committed by their sanguinary flock, over whom they had unbounded influence, and by whom they were not only revered as men, but adored as gods. The savage pikemen never met them in the street, without bowing low with their hats off, and continued so while they were in sight, and they never met Dr. Caulfield, the popish bishop, without falling on their knees and receiving his benediction. The rebels, on hearing of their defeat at Ross, and that an attack on Vinegar-hill and other places was likely to follow, resolved to evacuate Wexford. I shall relate that event, and the dreadful massacre of protestants which took place the day before, and which has cast such an indelible stain on that county, that every Irishman, who feels for the honour of his native land, should wish that its very name were expunged from the map of

* An opulent shopkeeper and malster, who was hanged soon after.

Ireland. From the sanguinary spirit which the rebels manifested on all occasions during the rebellion towards that sect of Christians, there is not a doubt but that they meant to extirpate them as soon as they had obtained a decided superiority over the government; and their leaders never failed to practise every artifice they could devise, to make them believe they were in a fair way of attaining it. But when their delusions were removed, and they saw a numerous and well appointed army march into the county of Wexford, they were stung with despair, and resolved to indulge their fanatical hatred against protestants, by murdering such of them as were prisoners. Joseph Gladwin, the jailer of Wexford, an Englishman, and reputed a man of veracity and humanity, has declared that Thomas Dixon proposed to get rid of the protestant prisoners at once, by setting fire to the jail, but Gladwin said, that it would be impossible to accomplish it, as the floors in every story were arched. He then proposed to burn them in the streets, on which Gladwin slipped backwards, and related the infamous design of Dixon to Bagenal Harvey, who expressed great horror at it; and said he did not think that matters would ever have proceeded to that dreadful excess, and that he did not know how soon it might be his own case.

I shall give the readers an account of this tragical affair, as related to me by some respectable persons who resided in Mr. Hatchel's house very near the bridge, where it was perpetrated, and who were eye-wit-, nesses to it.

"Between the hours of ten and eleven o'clock on the morning of the twentieth of June, we saw a body of rebels coming over the bridge, bearing a black flag with a cross and the letters M. W. S. inscribed on it in white; which was supposed to mean murder without sin, and on the other side a red cross. After having made a procession through part of the town, they fixed that woful harbinger of death on the custom-house quay, near the fatal spot where so much blood was soon to be shed; and where it remained flying for about two hours before the butchery began.

"Soon after they arrived at the quay, they seemed to disperse; however, many of them remained there; and repaired to one particular place, where drink was given to them, and where a priest was very busy in distributing it, and who, they believed, remained there till they left the quay, shouting "to the jail! to the jail!" when they all disappeared, but returned about four o'clock to the bridge, with a number of prisoners, whom they massacred. They thus continued till about seven o'clock to convey parties of prisoners from ten to twenty, from the jail and the market-house, where many of them were confined, to the bridge, where they butchered them. Every procession was presented by the black flag, and the prisoners were surrounded by ruthless pikemen, as guards, who often insultingly desired them to bless themselves.

"The mob consisting of more women than men, expressed their savage joy on the immolation of each of the victims, by loud huzzas.

"The manner in general of putting them to death, was this: Two rebels pushed their pikes into the breast of their victim, and two into his back; and in that state (writhing with torture) they held him suspended, till dead, and threw him over the bridge into the water.

"After they had massacred ninety-seven prisoners in that manner, and before they could proceed farther in their business, an express rode up in great haste, and bid them beat to arms, as Vinegar-hill was beset, and re-enforcements were wanting. There was immediately a cry 'to the

camp! to the camp!' "The rebels seemed in such confusion that the massacre was discontinued."

"In the moment of confusion, the reverend Mr. Corrin, parish priest of Wexford, arrived on the bridge, to divert them from their sanguinary designs, and which it is said, he did to the utmost of his power. Soon after his arrival, he knelt down on the very spot where the blood had been spilled, and said some prayers. After which the rebels rose from their knees, and exclaimed, 'Come on, boys, in the name of God, to the camp! Thank God, we have sent these souls to hell.'' They then accordingly set out for the camp.

"It is remarkable that the savage pikemen knelt down, lifted up their hands, and prayed apparently with devotion, before they proceeded to commit any of the murders."

A lady who was in Mr. Hatchel's house near the bridge, where this sanguinary scene took place, described it thus in her diary which I quoted before: "About three o'clock captain Dickson came to the quay, calling out, 'to the jail!' He was followed up the custom-house lane by numbers. They returned some time after to the bridge. I thought some alarm had induced them to leave the town, and sat eagerly watching till I beheld, yes, I saw, absolutely saw, a poor fellow cry for life, and was then most barbarously murdered.

"To give an account of the hellish scenes is beyond my strength; nor could any person desire to hear it. No savages ever put their prisoners to more deliberate torture. I saw a boat go to the prison-ship, and bring my friends and acquaintances, (who on landing passed by our door,) to torture and death. I saw the horrid wretches kneel on the quay, lift up their hands, seeming to pray with the greatest devotion, then rise and join, or take the place of other murderers. Their yells of delight at the sufferings of their victims will ever, I believe sound in my ears.

"To describe what we all suffered would be impossible. I never shed a tear, but felt all over in the most bodily pain. We expected life only till the prisons and the ships were emptied; when an express came to say the army were marching to Vinegar-hill camp, and that if they did not re-enforce it immediately, all was lost. The town priest then, and not till then, made his appearance. The leader of the murderers called to his men, in these words, which I distinctly heard, 'Come, my lads, we will now go: blessed be God, we have sent some of their souls to hell!' They went off really as if they had been performing a praiseworthy and religious action."

Mr. James Goodall had been taken out of the prison ship, and conveyed to the bridge, to be murdered; but was saved by the interference of Roche, the lay-general, who declared upon oath on his trial, "That the assassins on the bridge were like a pack of starving hounds, rushing on their game."

Mr. Corrin had slept the preceding night at Clonard, two miles off, to christen a child for Mr. Killett, who was in the prison-ship, and whose wife was of the popish persuasion. She, Mrs. Bland, and Mrs. Crump, earnestly entreated him to save the lives of their husbands, who were in the prison-ship, and he faithfully promised to do so. This I heard from one of these ladies. Previous to his departure he seemed so much agitated by fear, as the king's frigates and gun-boats appeared outside the harbour, that he could scarcely go through the service of bap-

tizing the child; and he piteously besought them to protect him, as he would protect their husbands.

When they had put to death, on the bridge, a good many of the prisoners confined in the jail, they sent a boat to the prison-ship, and called for Messrs. Cox and Turner. After having plunged two pikes into the bosom of the former, he jumped into the water from the bridge, but was shot as soon as he rose.

Mr. Turner, a magistrate, who beheld the woful spectacle, was next brought forward: they consulted about raising his body on their pikes, and carrying it through the streets, as they harboured the most insatiable revenge against him, because he was an active justice of the peace, and a zealous protestant. His own postillion, Thomas Cleary, insisted on having the gratification of shedding his blood; but the intemperate eagerness of the pikemen for carnage, operated like mercy towards him, for a number of them joined in perforating his body with pikes, and threw it over the bridge.

Mr. Lehunt was next sent for to the prison-ship, but he fortunately happened to be in the jail, where he eluded their search in the corner of a cell. Their mistake, and the delay occasioned by it, very fortunately saved his life, as the express arrived, and the alarm took place in the mean time.

Mr. Hore, of Harper's town, nephew to the earl of Courtown, a most respectable, amiable, inoffensive gentleman, and Mr. Killett, were next brought from the prison-ship. The former was asked whether he had any person who could speak in his favour. He said he had not, but requested time to find a person who could do so. He was then asked whether he was connected with Mr. Boyd, member for the town. He answered, by saying that Mr. Boyd was married to his sister, to which the rebels replied, that is enough; and having immediately massacred him with their pikes, they threw him into the river. Mr. Edwards, taken out of the prison-ship, was saved, because he was married to a popish wife. It was asked, by one of the rebels, whether he had ever prevented his wife from going to mass. Another, who was friendly to him, answered in the negative, and said, he had often attended his wife to the chapel, and had gone for her when mass was over; on which he was discharged.

Mr. Samuel Atkin, married to a protestant, was murdered.

Another person of the same name, and his two sons, were saved, because it was believed that his father was married to a popish wife.

The bloody Thomas Dickson, and his wife, were present at, and superintended this dreadful scene of carnage, on horseback.

When the rebels retreated from the bridge, on the alarm given by General Roche, Dickson and his wife attempted to follow them; but their horses started at the immense quantity of blood that was shed on the bridge, and refused to pass through it, on which they dismounted, and led their horses over the bridge; she, at the same time, holding up her riding habit, lest it should be stained with blood. She was heard to desire the rebels not to waste their ammunition, but to give the prisoners plenty of piking.

It reflects indelible disgrace on the popish priests of Wexford, of whom there were no less than fifteen or sixteen in the town during the perpetration of these massacres, that none of them, except father Corrin, ever interfered to prevent them. They evinced the most unbounded influence on all occasions; for no protestant was ever injured, who was

so fortunate as to obtain a protection from one of them. It has been said, in defence of the priests, that they had been totally ignorant of the massacres till Mr. Killett sent to father Corrin.

It was well known, at an early hour, that the rebels meditated these scenes of savage cruelty, and their intention was announced by the processions which they made with a black flag. The assassinations at the jail, about two; on the bridge between three and four, and ended between seven and eight. At different times, the prisoners were conveyed in numbers of from ten to twenty, surrounded by ferocious pikemen, and preceded by that ensign of death, through the principal streets of the town.

When every person of humanity in Wexford was petrified with horror at such tragic scenes, which continued for five hours, could the priests alone have remained ignorant of them in so small a town as Wexford? The idea is too absurd.

I have been informed, that a young man from Ross, who acted with the rebels, but who had more humanity than most of them, went to Dr. Caulfield, informed him of the massacres which were going forward, and besought him to prevent them, but he refused to interfere himself, but said he would send father Roche, his chaplain, who was present, for that purpose; but he never was known to exert himself. The person who gave this notice to Dr. Caulfield, with whom father Corrin had dined, related it to many persons who assured me of it.

Mr. George Taylor, a man of great veracity, wrote a history of the rebellion in the County of Wexford, of which he is a native. He is considered as one favourable to the Roman catholics, and he tells us, that "while this work was going on, a rebel captain, being shocked at the cries of the victims, ran to the popish bishop, who was then drinking wine with the utmost composure after dinner; and knowing that he could stop the massacre sooner than any other person, entreated him, for the mercy of God, to come and save the prisoners. He, in a very unconcerned manner, replied, it was no affair of his; and requested the captain to sit down and take a glass of wine with him; adding, that the people must be gratified. The captain refused the bishop's invitation, and, filled with abhorrence and distress of mind, walked silently away."

While they were despatching Mr. Hore, of Harperstown, Mr. Killett, who was the next intended victim, sent a person in the crowd, who had formerly lived with him as servant, for priest Corrin, who dined at Dr. Caulfield's, the popish bishop, to let him know his perilous situation; and he instantly repaired to the bridge, threw himself between Mr. Killett and the pikemen, saying that they should not kill Mr. K. without first butchering him. Having thus rescued him, he first led him to his own house, and afterwards to Clonard, about two miles off, the seat of Mr. Killett, who kept Mr. Corrin at his house till next day, to protect him from the military, who was expected in Wexford. It was universally believed, that father Corrin's interference did not proceed from pure motives of humanity, but from a preconcerted agreement with Mr. Killett, for the following reasons: "He did not approach the bridge, or use any exertion, till he received Mr. Killett's message, at the bishop's, and then he led him away under his protection; he left the other prisoners on their knees in the hands of the ruthless pikemen, without offering to interfere for their preservation.

A person of the utmost veracity, who was led out to execution, and

narrowly escaped, has positively asserted, that he believed father Corrin would not have interfered at all, but that he imagined that there was a complete reverse of fortune, in consequence of the alarm occasioned by the arrival of the messenger from Vinegar-hill; but this person was ignorant of the secret compact which he had made with Mrs. Killett.* On the trial of Peter Byrne and Ignatius Rossiter, at Wexford, the former the fourteenth of June, 1799; the latter the seventeenth of February, 1800, two members of the bloody committee that sat in the jail, the following facts were proved upon oath: Kennet Matthewson, John Atkin, Richard and Joseph Ganford, Protestants and prisoners in the jail, were led before the sanguinary tribunal to be tried. One of the prisoners having asked Rossiter, "What they meant to do with them?" he replied, that "They were on the black list." Peter Byrne, member of the committee, had a pistol in his hand, and on seeing the prisoners, exclaimed in a rage, "It is not by two or three that you are to let us have the prisoners, (meaning to execute,) for if you do not let us have them by the dozen, by J——s, I will blow up the jail in two minutes." John Rossiter, another member of the committee, showed John Atkin the form of an oath which he said the committee had taken, and the instructions which they had received to regulate the manner of proceeding; that early on that day, a man went to him where he was confined, and showed him a list, which he said was the black list, which he had got from the committee sitting below stairs. The prisoners were then led to the committee-room door, but were kept outside it. The man, who first accused Matthewson, rushed into the room with a party of rebels, who dragged him out. When the bloody committee was going to see Matthewson put to death, John Rossiter, having a regard for Atkin, and wishing to save his life, put him into the committee-room, desired him to shut himself in, and not to appear at the windows, lest he should be shot. He entered the room, and saw Matthewson shot and butchered with pikes in the street. There was a table in the committee-room, on which there were pens, ink, and paper, and a green book, which, having put into his pocket, he crept under a bed, where he lay concealed till John Rossiter afterwards, when the committee had adjourned, led him back to his cell, where he concealed the book, containing a calendar of all the Protestants at that time prisoners in Wexford. The committee were much incensed at the loss of their book, but could not account for it. The reader may well conceive the perturbation of John Atkin, who lay concealed under the bed while the members of the committee were vowing vengeance against the person who carried off the book. The amiable lady, whose diary I have quoted, says in it, "Mr. Pat. Redmond, a Roman Catholic, and one of the committee for provisions, came to us the evening of the day the massacre was committed. He was, like ourselves, half dead with horror, and declared that he entreated the priests to come down with their crucifixes, and prevent the massacre; but they all refused to do so. We told him that father Broe said he had saved nineteen prisoners.

"This Mr. Redmond denied, and said it was the express that saved them. He told us, that the black flag meant that every one of that party had taken the black test oath.† He said that a man went into the

* When he baptized her child, he promised to save her husband, because she was a Roman Catholic.

† I, A. B., do solemnly swear by the Lord Jesus Christ, who suffered for us on the cross, and by the blessed Virgin Mary, that I will burn, destroy and murder all heretics, up to my knees in blood. So help me God.

shop where he was, and asked another to give him the black test oath. This was refused, and the person who asked left the shop; on which the man who wanted to take the oath said, 'That fellow shall be one of the first I will kill; but as to the oath I don't care, for another will give it to me.' This oath was found in various places and on different rebels who were killed."

A gentleman of the utmost veracity assured me, that father Murphy wrote on many doors in Wexford, a Latin inscription, with his name, and the sign of the cross annexed to it. This, it is supposed, was some mark of distinction. This is the same individual who, at the battle of Arklow, took out of his pocket some musket-balls, which he said were fired by the enemy, and some of which had hit him without wounding him, and others he had caught in his hands. He assured them, at the same time, that the balls of heretics could not injure them, as they were under the protection of the Almighty, in whose cause they were fighting, provided they were steadfast in the faith. By that stratagem, he prevailed on many of the deluded wretches to follow him; and they successively became victims of their superstition and temerity. Father Murphy, after many escapes, fell himself by a cannon shot, within a few yards of the barricade, while shouting to his followers, and waving in his hand a fine standard, with a cross, and "Liberty or death" inscribed on it. The fall of this church-militant hero had an immediate effect in damping their ardour, which from that moment began to abate.

The rebels, being apprized of the army advancing to Wexford, determined to make their escape as quick as possible, and began to retreat from the town in the utmost confusion. Mrs. Dickson, wife to the bloody Thomas Dickson, who accompanied him on horseback, with a sword and a case of pistols, clapped the rebels on the back and encouraged them, by saying, "We must conquer; I know we must conquer:" and she exclaimed, repeatedly, "My Saviour tells me we must conquer!"

They repaired to the bridge to stop the retreat of the rebels; but in vain, though Mrs. Dickson drew a pistol, and swore vehemently that she would shoot any one of them who would refuse to return with her, to put the remainder of the heretics to death. They endeavoured to raise the portcullis of the bridge, to prevent their retreat, but were unable to do so.

Governor Keugh came into the street, and said aloud, "Gentlemen, fly to the camp at the mountain of Forth; you have nothing else for it; go there and defend yourselves!" Some of them, as they were retreating, but particularly to young M'Gauley, of Oulart, who was afterwards hanged, cried out, "Let us fire the town!" But they had not time to do so, for in a few minutes there was not a rebel in it.

Soon after the massacres, on the twentieth of June, the following sentences were carved on the portcullis of the bridge, the place where the murders were perpetrated, and they were legible in the month of June, 1799: "Sacred to the Christian doctrine of sending Orangemen to the meadows of ease, June, 1798. The holy heretics that were slain."

MASSACRE AT SCULLABOGUE.

I CONTEMPLATE with horror, and relate with reluctance, an occurrence which took place on the day of the battle of Ross, which will remain a lasting disgrace to human nature, and an indelible stain on the county of Wexford. During the encampment of the rebels on Carrickbyrne hill, a party of them were posted at Scullabogue, within half a mile of the camp, where a barn was converted into a prison, for the confinement of Protestant prisoners. Bands of assassins were sent round the adjacent country in quest of Protestants, whom they meant to extirpate, when they accomplished their final purpose of overturning the government.

On the eve of the thirteenth of May, Captain King, the proprietor of Scullabogue, was advised to abandon his house, and to carry off what valuable effects he could, as a camp was to be formed the day after, on Carrickbyrne-hill, which is within half a mile of Scullabogue.

The next day he made his escape, and the rebels took possession of his house. It appears, on the evidence of different persons, that one hundred and eighty-four Protestants were burned in the barn of Scullabogue and that thirty-seven were shot in front of it.

The following circumstances appeared by the evidence of Richard Sylvester, a witness on the trial of Phelim Fardy, one of the wretches concerned in that horrid affair:—That when the rebels encamped on Carrickbyrne-hill, marched towards Ross, on the fourth of June, the Protestant prisoners were left at Scullabogue, under a guard of three hundred rebels, commanded by John Murphy, of Loughnageer, a rebel captain, Nicholas Sweetman, and Walter Devereux, who both held the same rank; that when the rebel army began to give way at Ross, an express was sent to Murphy, to put the Protestant prisoners to death, as the king's troops were gaining the day; but Murphy refused to comply without a direct order from the general; that he soon after received another message to the same purpose, with this addition, that the prisoners, if released, would become very furious and vindictive; that shortly after, a third express arrived, saying the priest gave orders that the prisoners should be put to death; that the rebels, on hearing the sanction of the priest, became outrageous, and began to pull off their clothes, the better to perform the bloody deed; that when they were leading the prisoners out of the dwelling-house to shoot them, he turned away from such a scene of horror; on which a rebel struck him with a pike upon the back, and said he would let his guts out if he did not follow him; that he then attended the rebels to the barn, in which there was a great number of men, women and children; and that the rebels were endeavouring to set fire to it, while the poor prisoners, shrieking and crying out for mercy, crowded to the back door of the barn, which they forced open for the purpose of admitting air; that for some time they continued to put the door between them and the rebels, who were piking or shooting them; that in attempting to do so, their hands or fingers were cut off; that the rebels continued to force into the barn

bundles of straw, to increase the fire. At last, the prisoners having been overcome by the flame and smoke, their moans and cries gradually died away in the silence of death.

It was proved on the trial of John Keefe, convicted by a court-martial on the fourteenth of April, 1800, on the evidence of Robert Mills, that after the bloody work began, he saw the prisoner with a pike, the point of which was broken, and the top of the shaft or handle was bloody; that he carried it to an adjoining forge, whetted it on a sharping stone, and then proceeded to the front of a dwelling-house where they were shooting the prisoners. Among the persons most conspicuous, we find the names of Fardy, Sinnod, Michell or Miscally, who trampled on the dead and wounded bodies, and behaved otherwise in such a ferocious manner, as to obtain from the rebels the application of the true born Roman.

William Ryan, a farmer, about three miles from Scullabogue, had a daughter who was kept by a gentleman at Duncannon. The rebel guard at Scullabogue, thinking that they might extract from her some important information relative to the place of the protestants, as her paramour was of that description, and dreading that she and her friends who were Roman Catholics, might betray some of the rebel secrets to the keeper, sent a body of pikemen in quest of her, but not being able to find her, they were of opinion that her sister Eleanor, who lived at Mr. Rossiter's would answer equally as well. They therefore led her to the barn, and her father having gone after to solicit her liberation, they committed him and his poor old wife, who went there also, in hopes of being able to move their compassion; but she shared their fate, having been thrust into the barn where they were all burned.

No less than twenty-four protestants were taken from the village of Tintern, about eight miles distant, many of them old and feeble, and were led in one drove to the barn where they perished.

Thomas Shee and Patrick Prendergast were burnt in the barn, both Romanists, because they would not consent to massacre their protestant masters.

William Johnston, a very old man, though of the same persuasion, shared a similar fate. He gained a livelihood by playing on the bagpipes, and was so unfortunate as to incur the vengeance of the rebels, by playing the tune of "Croppies, lie down."

William Neil, another Romanist who suffered there, was by trade a tailor, and worked for some time in the garrison of Duncannon.

Having occasion to return to Camolin, of which he was a native, he procured the pass of General Fawcett for his protection, but it turned to be the means of his destruction; for having been intercepted by the rebels, who considered the pass as an emblem of protestantism, they committed him to the barn, with his son Daniel, who happened to accompany him, and they both perished in the flames.

Some persons have contended that the persecutions in the county of Wexford were not exclusively levelled against the protestants; but the sanguinary spirit against them was so uniform at Vinegar-hill, on the bridge of Wexford and Scullabogue, and indeed in every part of the county, and the putting to death such of the Romanists as they thought to participate in their favour, was enough to remove all doubts on that head.

The witness during this dreadful scene, saw a child who got under the door, and was likely to escape, but much hurt and bruised; when

a rebel perceiving it, darted his pike through it, and threw it into the flames. While the rebels were shooting their prisoners in front of the dwelling-house, a party of men and women were engaged in stripping and rifling the dead bodies; and the prisoner, Phelim Fardy, called out to them to avoid the line of his fire, (as he was busily employed in shooting his prisoners,) and in saying so, he fired at a man who was on his knees, and who instantly fell and expired.

The barn was thirty-four feet long and fifteen wide. Suffocation must then have soon taken place, as so great a number of people were compressed in so small a space; and besides the burning of the thatched roof of the barn, the rebels threw into it, on their pikes, a great number of fagots, on fire.

Richard Grandy, who was present, swore that the prisoners in front of the house were led out by fours to be shot; and that the rebels, who pierced them when they fell, took pleasure in licking their spears.

A gentleman present, who had a narrow escape, assured me, that a rebel said he would try the taste of Orange blood, and that he dipped a toothpick in a wound of one of the protestants who was shot, and then put it into his mouth.

Whenever a body fell on being shot, the rebel guards shouted, and pierced it with their pikes.

Samuel and John Jones, two brothers, were put to death in front of Captain King's house, in the following manner: When they were on their knees, the wife of one of them stood between them, took each of them by the hand, and closed their eyes; and when they fell, in consequence of being shot, she implored the rebels, as an act of mercy, to put her to death, but they refused to do so. She then got a car, and put on it the two bodies which the rebels had stripped quite naked. She covered them with her cloak and petticoat; but when she had led the car some distance, she was stopped by a party of rebel women, who led it back, and compelled her to return with them. They urged the rebels to put her to death, and she appeared to rejoice at the idea of resigning that life which they had imbittered by murdering her husband. They seemed well disposed to kill her, and would have done so, but that John Murphy, their captain, prevented them, having said that such a horrid deed would kindle a blush in the cheeks of the Virgin Mary.

The Jones's, who lived at Abbey Brainey, were in good circumstances. Murphy took out of one of their pockets a pocket-book, which, it was said, contained notes to a considerable amount. The father of the Jones', who was very old, died in a few days after of a broken heart, and he and his sons were interred in the same grave. One Slater, an opulent man from Wales, who came to Ireland every year to buy cattle for the English market, in which business he dealt very extensively, was picked up by the rebels, and shot among the thirty-seven prisoners. He had a pocket-book, which contained, it was said, notes to the amount of £1000, which fell into the hands of the rebels.*

On most occasions they did not offer any violence to the tender sex; but at Scullabogue, they burned a great many women and children.

It has been said, and indeed proved, that John Murphy, the rebel

* The person who led him out to execution, was a papist ruffian, of the name of Cowman, whom he had employed in buying cattle, and who had gained considerably by his kindness and generosity.

captain, who commanded the guard at Scullabogue, refused to massacre the prisoners, till he had received the orders of a priest of the name of Murphy, for that purpose. Brian Murphy, parish priest of Taghmon, is supposed to be the person alluded to.

The following occurrence, relative to a priest, happened on the same day, and shows what great influence the sacerdotal order had over the misguided multitude. Patrick Dobbyn, and his three sons, William, Richard, and Samuel, were taken prisoners at Oldcourt, in the parish of Adamstown, where they resided, by Thomas Cavenagh, and some more popish banditti, who committed them to prison at Scullabogue; the former on the second, the latter on the first day of June. Elizabeth, the wife of Patrick Dobbyn, went to father Shallow, parish priest of the union of Adamstown Newbawn, who resided at Ballyshannon, one mile from Scullabogue, and implored him to have her husband and son released; but he refused, and informed her, that he should be in as much danger as they, if he went near the rebel camp; and yet the same priest liberated from the barn, and saved a young man of the name of Lett, the son of a Mr. Lett of Kilgibbon, within three or four miles of Enniscorthy; and it appeared, also, by affidavit sworn before General Fawcett, that Father Shallow took an active part in the rebel camp at Carrickbyrne.

William Fleming, a protestant, and a yeoman in the Taghmon cavalry, having the protection of a priest, went to the barn on the seventh of June, to look for the body of one Robert Cooke, a friend, for the purpose of interring it; but the bodies were so much injured by the fire, that he could not distinguish one from the other. This he testified on his affidavit, which contained many curious particulars relative to the rebellion, particularly the exhortation of father Roche, the general, in the camp of Slievekilta, to extirpate Orangemen and disaffected persons, and in which he assured the rebels, that they were fighting for their religion.

The life of Fleming was often saved by the pass of father Bryen Murphy, a priest of Taghmon, of which I give an exact copy: "Mr. William Fleming has complied with every condition required of him, and, therefore, is to be stopped by no man."

"June 2d, 1798. Rev. Br. Murphy."

On the trial of Thomas Cloony, a rebel leader, at Wexford, the fifth of June, 1799, it was proved, that, while the camp was at Carrickbyrne, he, at the head of three hundred rebels, went to Old Ross, to burn the protestant church, and the houses of some protestants there; and that while the former was burning, he said, the Devil's house is on fire.

The ferocity of the rebels was such, that they often murdered each other with impunity in their camps, and during their marches.

MASSACRE AT ENNISCORTHY AND VINEGAR HILL.

"At the battle of Enniscorthy," it was generally believed, that not less than five hundred of the rebels were killed or wounded. The banks of the river, and the island in it, were strewed with their dead bodies, and numbers of them fell in the streets; but it was observed that the disaffected inhabitants were always ready to drag them into their houses, whenever they could get a safe opportunity, that the sight of them might not discourage their surviving friends. To keep up their courage, every artifice was used; for even women, as if insensible of their danger, were seen in the midst of the carnage administering whiskey to the rebels.

When the action terminated, the rebels were completely routed, and expelled from the town; however, the protestants did not think it tenable for the following reasons: it was in a state of conflagration; and the rebels, who continued to hover round it, would have attacked it in the night, and would have been assisted by the Roman catholic inhabitants, who were very numerous. As there were many avenues leading to the town, and the protestants, under arms, had lost near one-third of their number, which did not, originally, exceed three hundred, they must have been overpowered, and massacred in the night. The officers, therefore, after mature deliberation, resolved to abandon the town, and to march to Wexford on the east side of the river St. John's; but from the suddenness of the retreat, only a few of the protestant inhabitants could attend them; and they could carry with them no other comforts or necessaries, but the wearing apparel which they wore. Imagination cannot form a more tragical scene, than the melancholy train of protestant fugitives, of whom, some were so feeble, from their wounds, from sickness, the tenderness of old age, or infancy, that they could not have effected their escape, had not the yeomen cavalry mounted them on their horses. Some parents were reduced to the dreadful necessity of leaving their infants in cottages, on the roadside, having, at the same time, but a faint hope of ever seeing them again.

As they travelled to Wexford the rebels fired at them from the opposite side of the river, wherever they could get an opening.

Such of the protestant inhabitants as were unable to join their departing friends, took a melancholy farewell of them, and waited the fatal hour when they were to fall victims to the fanatical vengeance of the rebels, who, when they got possession of the town, proceeded with savage delight, to commit unbounded carnage and plunder. The following extract of a letter, written by a very respectable beneficed clergyman, the Rev. Mr. Handcock, rector of Kilcormick, who fought in defence of the town, will give the reader a perfect idea of the sufferings of the protestant inhabitants on that day.

"Finding that we could no longer keep our ground, I rushed singly through the streets, with a blunderbuss cocked, and presented it at

every person who looked at me, running for my life, but without the faintest hope of saving it, or that of my family, yet determined to share their fate, and with great difficulty getting into my house, locked and barricaded by the frightened inmates, I dragged my wife down stairs with my children, just as they sat in her sick room; and observing which way the fugitives were moving out of town, I forced them along with the tragical cavalcade, until my wife, overpowered with terror and the heat of the flames, fell on a burning pile of rubbish, where, unable myself from fatigue to raise her, she would have been suffocated or trampled to death, had not a gallant fellow of the North Cork militia, wounded, and scarce able to drag his legs after him, assisted me. The poor fellow accordingly stuck by us until we arrived at Wexford.

In return for his having got my wife and children behind or before mounted yeomen, I procured a horse for his wife, and carried his musket as far as I was able. When we came within three or four miles of Wexford, we were met by the yeomen cavalry of it, who turned out, on hearing our disaster, to cover our retreat.

The rebel army, having got possession of the town, broke open the jail and liberated all the prisoners. They then began to burn and destroy every house belonging to a protestant of any distinction. Before sunset the principal part of the town was in flames, and late in the evening, a great number of old men, women, and children, of the protestant religion, fled into the adjoining woods, lest they should perish in the flames, or by the sanguinary rage of the rebels. Such of them as were not fortunate enough to make their escape, were massacred. The rebels, having broken open the cellars, continued to commit every wanton cruelty, and barbarous excess, which savage ferocity, heightened by fanaticism and ebriety could dictate.

When they entered the town, some ladies, of distinguished beauty, wild with horror and affright, waded over the river Slaney, at the risk of their lives, with one child on their back, and another in their arms. Numbers, of both sexes, fled to the wood of St. John's, better known by the name of Ringwood, where they passed the whole night, petrified with horror at hearing shots constantly fired, the shouts of the rebels, and the groans of the dying. They kept a gloomy silence, not venturing to speak to each other, lest they should be discovered. The rebels having heard, next day, that a number of protestants were in the wood, sent a party, well armed, to scour it; and they killed such of them as were not fortunate enough to make their escape. They continued, for some days after, to beat it as closely as a pack of fox-hounds would.

A party of ladies, who fled towards the river, when the rebels entered the town, informed me that several shots were fired at them; and that, in their retreat, they met a boy about sixteen years old, armed with a pike, who approached them with a stern air; on which they asked him if he was going to kill them, and he said, "No; but it is no matter where you go, for you will all be killed."

As soon as the rebels entered the town the Roman catholic inhabitants frequently exclaimed, particularly the women, "That they would have no heresy among them; that they would put an end to heretics; and that they would have all or none."

They murdered Richard Whately, a lock-smith, near one hundred years old, and Edward Sly, a protestant, was shot by his neighbour,

William Lee, when he was kindly reaching him a quart of beer. Numbers were dragged from their houses, and barbarously massacred in the presence of their wives and children.

The town, the morning after the rebels got possession of it, presented a dreadful scene of carnage and conflagration; many bodies were lying dead in the streets, and others groaning in the agonies of death; some parts of the town were entirely consumed, and in others, the flames continued to rage with inextinguishable fury; no less than four hundred and seventy-eight dwelling-houses and cabins, were burnt in the town and its suburbs, besides a great number of stores and malt-houses, and out offices. Early next morning, the rebels formed a camp on Vinegar Hill, made intrenchments round it, and placed some batteries in them. They then stationed a large garrison in the town, which was relieved every day, by an officer's guard from the camp. Such great numbers from the lower class of people, from the adjoining parts of the country, flocked to their camp, that it soon consisted of at least ten thousand men. They posted strong picquet guards and sentinels in all the avenues leading to the town, and for some miles round it.

They then proceeded to destroy the church of Enniscorthy, and having pulled down the organ, the pews, the communion table, and the reading-desk, they burned them to ashes before the church door, where they tore the Bibles and the prayer-books; and then proceeded to demolish the remainder of the inside part, leaving nothing but the roof and the bare walls. They took down the bell, and mounted it between two beams on Vinegar Hill, for the purpose of marking the progress of time, and of alarming the camp in case of surprise.

They committed such protestants as were not fortunate enough to retreat to Wexford, with their protestant neighbours, or to escape into the woods, to a prison on the hill, formed by the walls of an old wind-mill, and then proceeded to try them by a court-martial, which sat constantly for that purpose. The only charge against them was, their being Orange-men, which was synonymous with protestant.

On the morning of Tuesday, the twenty-ninth of May, they put to death twenty-four persons of the established church, by shooting some, and piking others, in front of the rebel line, one of whom was Mr. Henry Hatton, of Portrieve, of the town of Enniscorthy, an innocent unoffending gentleman. They burned the glebe-house of Enniscorthy to ashes; but converted the out-offices into stores for holding provisions and arms for the camp.

A committee of twelve, consisting of some rebel officers and three priests, namely, father Roche, Kearns and Clinch, and, at times, father John Murphy, continued constantly to sit, and to superintend and to regulate the concerns of the camp, and the newly established republic. When the business of the day was over, they dined together at a table, regularly, with the best of viands which the country could afford, and with delicious wines, taken from the cellars of the neighbouring gentlemen.

He sent gangs of assassins around all the adjacent country, commanded by rebel officers, in quest of protestants, who seized such of them as could not make their escape, and committed them to prison at the foot of the hill, or in the town.

The walls of an old wind-mill, on the top of the hill, served as a fold to contain the victims who supplied the sacrifice of the day, and

when the rebel ranks were on parade, they were led forth and butchered in their presence, and as a regale to them; and what was very singular, the executioners often knelt down, crossed themselves, and said a prayer before the immolated victims, who were frequently almost famished before they were led to execution, from the bad and scanty food with which they were supplied.

The camp was constantly attended by from ten to twenty priests, who daily said mass at the head of each rebel column, and afterwards pronounced an exhortation, to animate them to the extirpation of heresy, and in the exclusive establishment of their own, the only orthodox faith.

Mr. Stephen Ran, of Ramsfort, in the County of Wexford, brother-in-law to Lord Courtown, who is deservedly loved and revered by his tenants, informed me, that such of them as were of the Roman catholic religion, and had been unfortunately concerned in the rebellion, were very communicative to him, and informed him, that they entered into it at the instigation of their priests; and it was usual, in the rebel camp, for the priests of each parish, to call over the names of their parishioners, and that his coadjutor did so, if he was prevented from age, infirmity, or any other cause.

Commissaries were appointed in every parish, to provide provision for the camp, according to the direction of the committee, or the commander-in-chief, and each of the commissaries had a certain number of pikemen under his command. Their tents were formed of carpets, quilts, sheets, blankets, window-curtains, and various articles of furniture which they had seized in protestant houses.

A respectable gentlewoman, who remained the entire night of Monday, the twenty-eighth of May, 1798, in Ringwood, gave me the following relation of the dangers and distresses which she and her husband suffered. It will serve to show the savage and sanguinary disposition of the rebels.

Mr. Bennett, of Birmount, lay concealed in the wood that night. Next morning, about seven o'clock, when we were almost sinking with cold and hunger, he kindly invited us to his house, which lay close to the river Slaney, at the opposite side of it. Having gone there, about seven o'clock in the evening, a woman came to us, trembling with fear, and said that "the rebels were approaching in all directions, to burn the house and murder us." Mr. Bennett hid himself in his garden. We were advised to get some green boughs, as the emblem of rebellion, and to go out to meet them, and having, accordingly, done so, they desired us not to be frightened, as they never injured women; and they asked us if we were Christians, meaning Roman catholics, and, very fortunately, we told them we were. They informed us, that they had just killed Mr. Edward White, of Roxana, and his son, who lived near Vinegar Hill; having, as they said, searched his house for arms and Orangemen. Having found Mr. M. in the garden, they presented their fire-locks, and were on the point of shooting him; but said they must suspend his execution till their officer, who was absent, arrived. They took him off, mounted behind one of them, when they fortunately met a rebel who had a particular friendship for Mr. M., and who galloped off speedily to Vinegar Hill camp, and procured him a protection from father John Murphy, who was then commander-in-chief there.

"On Thursday, I went to Vinegar Hill, in hopes of getting a pro-

tection from father Philip Roche, a rebel chieftain; and, in our way thither, we saw the bodies of Mr. White and his son lying dead and naked in the lawn before his house; for the rebels would not suffer them to be buried.

"In our way to Enniscorthy, we saw twelve dead bodies lying upon the road; and, on entering the town, we were filled with horror, on beholding a great number of them in the streets.

"The camp, at Vinegar-hill, presented a dreadful scene of confusion and uproar. A number of female rebels, more vehement than the male, were marching out to meet the army from Newtown-barry. This was a large body, which father Roche had led from Vinegar-hill, to the attack of that town, which took place on the first of June. Great numbers of women were in the camp. Some men were employed in killing cattle, and in boiling them in pieces, in large copper brewing-pans; others drinking, cursing, and swearing; many of them were playing on various musical instruments, which they had acquired by plunder in the adjacent protestant houses; and this produced a most disagreeable and barbarous dissonance.

At last I met father Roche in Enniscorthy. He gave me a protection, not only for Mr. M., but one for Mr. Bennett's house, in the following words, which was posted up in the hall: "No man to molest this house, or its inhabitants, on pain of death!"

"However, next day, a rebel guard came to Mr. Bennett's, and compelled him and Mr. M. to go before the parish priest of Bree, in order to send them to the attack on Ross; but Mr. John Devereux, a rebel captain, on seeing Roche's protection, discharged them; and, soon after, father John Sutten, of Enniscorthy, and Mr. William Barker, a rebel general, gave them protections, and certified that they had been tried by court martial, and acquitted.

We then repaired to Mr. Joshua Lett's, a mile beyond Enniscorthy, where we staid some days. During our residence there, we daily saw great crowds of rebels, who often boasted of the number of Protestants they had put to death, and even in what manner they had piked them. They said, "Cork and Limerick had capitulated to them;" that Dublin was surrounded by forty thousand United Irishmen; that the whole kingdom would soon be in their possession; and that there should be no other religion but the Roman Catholic. They compelled us to go to mass, which we did to preserve our lives.

"At last, the rebels, having discovered that Mr. M. was concealed in Mr. Joshua Lett's house, threatened to demolish it unless he was instantly dismissed. As Mr. Lett was obliged to comply with this mandate, we repaired to Mr. Fitzhenry's, of Ballymacus, about five miles off. In our way thither, we met many parties of rebels, who would have put Mr. M. to death, but for the priest's protection; for which they showed the utmost respect. This shows the great influence of the sacerdotal order, and how easily they might have prevented the massacre of Protestants.

"We were there but a few hours when a rebel guard arrived, and carried us back to Enniscorthy, where Mr. M. was put into a guard-house containing about a dozen of unfortunate Protestants, who were shot or piked next day in the camp. I was then desired to apply to one of their officers, named Morgan Byrne, whom I found sitting in the committee-room, at a long table, with many books and papers before him. Father Kearnes was at the head of the table, round which all the

members of the committee sat. On representing my situation, and that of Mr. M., Mr. Patrick Sutten, who was a general among them, said, "he would do his utmost to save Mr. M. and me;" and Mr. Morgan Byrne said, "he would spare his life, provided he would join and fight with them; but on no other condition."

Unheard-of barbarities were committed at Enniscorthy, Vinegar-hill, and all the adjacent country, before the rebels were subdued and driven from them.

"The pikemen would often show us their pikes, all stained with blood, and boast of having murdered our friends and neighbours."

Every morning, when the rebels paraded on Vinegar-hill, they put to death from fifteen to twenty Protestants in their presence, as amusement to them; and this was done with the solemnity of an execution, under a judicial sentence.

Samuel Goodison, a farmer, worth £400 a year, of the Protestant religion, was universally esteemed for his good moral character. He and his family, consisting of a wife and nine children, remained in Ringwood on the night of the twenty-eighth of May, to escape the fanatical rage of the rebels. On Tuesday morning, they repaired to St. John's, the seat of Dr. Hill, on Slaney, who offered to let them remain there; but Goodison said he had such warm friends among the Roman Catholics, that he was sure of getting a protection from them, if he could arrive with safety at Enniscorthy. He left his family at a mill within a quarter of a mile of the town; and, having advanced a short way, he was overwhelmed with joy at meeting his neighbour and particular friend, Luke Byrne; but that sanguinary ruffian shot him instantly, instead of affording him that protection which he solicited. A respectable lady of Enniscorthy heard him boast afterwards, that he never eat so sweet a breakfast as he had that morning, for he had killed Samuel Goodison and William Carroll.

John Stillman, eighty years old, who had served as a soldier the greater part of his life, and George Saunders, seventy years old, slept all Monday night in Ringwood; and having come out of it at twelve o'clock next day, they were shot on the road leading to Enniscorthy. Saunders died instantly; Stillman continued alive till next day, and was able to sit up. A rebel outpost, of about twenty men, amused themselves with ridiculing, insulting and torturing him. They often asked him, in irony, (as he was a Protestant,) Whether he would have a priest? They had but one ball among them, and they fired it five or six times through his body, while prostrate on the ground; and yet he was alive next day. He had but one eye, which they put out with a pike. At length they put him to death. Afterwards, the rebels were known to call him their plaything, in conversation at Enniscorthy, and to declare he was so tough an old fellow, that they had great difficulty in putting him to death.

The gangs of pikemen who were sent to roam the country in quest of Protestants, to supply the grand slaughter-house at Vinegar-hill, could not restrain their thirst for blood, and often killed their prisoners on the spot where they seized them, though contrary to the order of their leaders.

On the thirtieth day of May, William Neal, Henry and Bryan, his sons, were seized at their house at Ballybrennan, by a band of assassins, who were sent from the camp in search of Protestants, and were conveyed to Vinegar-hill camp. Michael Maddock and Joseph Murphy were leaders of the party. The former called them Orangemen, mean-

ing Protestants, and wanted to kill them as such, but was overruled by some others of the band. Bryan Neal offered them his horse and cow to liberate them; but Maddock said "that the cattle of all Orangemen belonged to them already."

When they arrived on Vinegar-hill, Murphy said he would not bring any more Orangemen unless they put them to death directly. On which a conference was held, when the father and two sons were immediately condemned. They first led out to execution Bryan, who begged they would shoot him, instead of torturing him with pikes. One of the rebels said he should not die so easy a death, and instantly struck him on the head with a carpenter's adze, which made him stagger a few yards; but he was soon brought back, when one of them stabbed him in the side with a spear, another in the neck, and a third shoved them aside and shot him. William, the father, who was then brought forth, solicited to be shot; and having complied with his request, they put him on his knees. The executioner missed fire at him three times; on which father Roche, the general, who attended the execution, desired him to try whether his firelock would go off in the air. He accordingly tried, and it succeeded. Father Roche then gave him a protection, and ordered him to be discharged; having imputed his escape to Divine Providence. Murphy and Maddock were near neighbours, and supposed to be intimate friends of the Neal family, who had no suspicion that they harboured such sanguinary hatred against them, on account of their being of the Protestant persuasion. William Neal had another son burnt at the barn of Scullabogue.

Charles Davis, a glazier of Enniscorthy, and of the Protestant religion, fought against the rebels in defence of that town; but was afterwards made a prisoner, and conveyed to Vinegar-hill by a party of rebels, who informed him that, as he was an Orangeman, he would be put to death. On his arrival at the camp, he saw about forty bodies lying dead, quite naked, and very much mangled with pikes; among which he perceived the body of Mr. Henry Hatton, portrieve of the town of Enniscorthy.

The rebels desired him, insultingly, to lay his hands on his deceased friends, whom they called hereties; and told him, that all the hereties in the kingdom should fare the same fate. They then put him on his knees, in midst of the dead bodies, and shot him through the body and arm, and gave him several pike wounds; after which they buried him, covering his body lightly with sods. He lay in this condition from 7 o'clock in the evening till 5 next morning, when he found a dog, who had scraped away the sods, licking his wounds. A party of rebels, who were near the grave, perceiving the motion of his body, exclaimed, "The dead is coming to life; and that Davis should have a priest, as he could not obtain salvation without one." Father Sutton, of Enniscorthy, who was in the camp, administered the rites of the church to him, and told him he was sorry to see him in that situation; but as there was no prospect of his recovery, he was glad that he was to die under his hands. He was then delivered to his wife, who conveyed him to his own house, where, with the aid of medical assistance, he recovered. These facts have been verified by affidavit, and are universally known. Charles Davis, who is now living, showed me his wounds.

John Mooney, servant to Dr. Hill, and a Protestant, was taken prisoner, and conducted to the Windmill prison, on the top of Vinegar-hill, the thirty-first day of May; and found there sixteen Protestant

prisoners, with some of whom he had been long acquainted. They were desired to prepare for death; and soon after, a ruffian entered the prison with a drawn hanger, and began to torture the prisoners by way of amusement; but the rebel sentinel stopped him, and said, that as they were soon to die, it was cruel to torment them. In a few minutes, one of the prisoners was dragged out of the mill door, and shot, and soon after, the remainder were executed in the same manner. Among them, there was a well dressed, respectable looking man, and his son, a boy about thirteen years old. The father seemed to bear his approaching dissolution with great fortitude, supposing that they would not injure his son, on account of his tender age; but what agonizing pangs must he have felt, when his child was butchered in his presence! and he, when led out to execution, was obliged to step over his bleeding corpse, which fell across the door.

Mooney, the last person taken out, was placed by the sixteen dead bodies; and the executioner, whose name was Byrne, desired him to turn his back to him, (which the victims were often compelled to do;) but Mooney refused to do so, having said that he was not afraid to face a bullet. The executioner, who was very ragged, advanced, with his musket presented, within twelve paces of him, when Mooney desired him to stop; and taking off his coat, waistcoat and hat, which were new, threw them to him, desired him to take them for his trouble, and requested he would approach nearer to him, and do his business properly. The executioner, struck with his fortitude, said that it was an undoubted proof of his innocence, and declared that he would have nothing to do with him. On this, one Murtagh Brien, alias Kane, a sanguinary monster, and the common executioner, rose from his knees, (for the rebels commonly knelt and prayed before or after the execution,) and insisted on putting Mooney to death, and presented a blunderbuss for that purpose; but Byrne interfered, and swore he would blow out the brains of any person who would attempt to injure him; and he immediately dismissed him.

Papists of the meanest situation, even beggars, have been known to save Protestants when they chose.

There were commonly twenty priests in the camp, and they never interfered for the preservation of Protestant lives, except on behalf of a person who happened to be the peculiar object of their regard, or in whose safety they were deeply interested. On the contrary, it appears that numbers of them daily said mass, at the head of the rebel lines, and exhorted the rebels to extirpate heretics or Orangemen, which appellation (as said before) they gave to Protestants. Some persons have endeavoured to palliate the atrocities committed by the rebels, saying, "That their sanguinary rage was not directed against Protestants as such, but only against a political sect of them called Orangemen." This plea could be urged with much less colour in the county of Wexford than elsewhere; because there were no Orangemen there, nor was there ever an attempt to institute an Orange lodge in it, till the North Cork came into it, and they did not arrive there till the twenty-sixth of April.

I could not ascertain the number of Protestants who were massacred in the rebel camp on Vinegar hill and its vicinity, but I have been assured that they exceeded five hundred. Among these there were men of landed property, magistrates, clergymen, merchants, farmers, labourers, and mechanics. I have obtained the names of as many as I could

of the Protestants who were murdered in the county of Wexford, at large; to publish their names would be of little importance to the reader.

CONFESSION OF FAITH,

FOUND IN THE BOX OF A PRIEST AT GORY.

1. When we assemble, we all cross ourselves, saying, we acknowledge these our articles, in the presence of Christ's vicar, the Lord God the pope, and in the presence of the holy primates, bishops, monks, friars and priests.
2. We acknowledge they can make vice virtue, and virtue vice, according to their pleasure. They all falling flat on their faces, beginning the articles in this manner, and speaking to the Host, saying, Holy, glorious and admirable Host, we acknowledge according to our great father the pope's mind; we must all fall down before the great effigy of the Lord God Almighty.
3. We all acknowledge the supremacy of the holy father, the Lord God the pope, and that he is Peter's lawful successor in the chair.
4. We acknowledge that holy Peter has the keys of heaven, and will receive those that acknowledge his supremacy.
5. We are bound to believe no salvation out of the holy church.
6. We are bound to believe that the holy massacre was lawful, lawfully put into execution against Protestants, and likewise to continue the same, provided with the safety of our lives.*
7. We are bound to curse, ring the bells, and put out the candles four times a year, on heretics.
8. We are bound to believe a heretic can never be saved, unless he be a partaker of that holy sacrament, extreme unction.
9. We are bound to believe that those who elope from our holy religion, go into the power of the devil, whom heretics have followed.
10. We are not to keep our oath with heretics, if they can be broken; for, says our holy father, they have followed damnation, Luther and Calvin.
11. We are not to believe their oath, for their principles are damnation.
12. We are bound to drive heretics out of the land, with fire, sword, fagot, and confusion. As our holy father says, if their heresy prevails, we will become their slaves! O! dear father, keep us from that. (Here the holy water is shaken, and they say, Hail, Mary! three times.)
13. We are bound to absolve with money, or price, those that imbrue their hands in the blood of heretics.
14. We are bound to believe that Christ's vicar, the Lord God the pope, can absolve all men, heretics excepted, and those given to all clergymen under inspection to do the like.
15. We are bound to believe all the articles our holy church commands.
16. We are bound to believe the Virgin Mary has more power in heaven than any other angel.
17. We are bound to pray to the holy angels, that they may pray for us.
18. We are bound to believe in the holy cross, holy water, holy spittle, holy earth, holy bones, holy people, and holy beads, and that they are to be used on certain occasions.
19. We are bound to celebrate the holy mass in Latin, having ourselves clothed in a holy vestment and shirt, and bearing the holy cross on our shoulders, signifying we are Christ.
20. We are bound to believe, every time mass is celebrating, there is an expiatory sacrifice for the living and the dead.
21. We are bound to believe there are four places of purgation, viz.: Limbus infantum, Limbus patrum, Meadows of ease, and Purgatory.
22. We are bound to believe that Christ was three days in Limbus patrum, where the souls of holy fathers go, till they get a pass with them to holy Peter.

* This, it is believed, was composed soon after that of 1641, and alludes to it.

23. We are bound to believe that the souls of children unbaptized, go to Limbus infantum, until original sin is well paid away, by the help of holy masses said for them.

24. We know the souls of Christians go to purgatory, and remain there till we pray them out of it, that they may have power to walk the meadows of ease with safety, till it pleases holy Peter to open the gates of glory for them, where no heretic shall evér enter.

25. We are bound to keep lent according to our clergy's pleasure, and to maintain the work of supererogation.

26. We acknowledge the lake in the North to be holy, called Lough-Derg.

27. We are bound to pray to no other saint on that day, only to him to whom it is dedicated.

28. We must baptize bells, consecrate chapels, and no man to enter into the office of a priest, only he who is known to be a man.

29. We maintain seven sacraments essential to salvation, viz.: baptism, eucharist, penance, extreme unction, holy order, confirmation, and matrimony.

30. We maintain that we can transubstantiate the bread and wine into the real body and blood of Christ.

31. We believe the heretics eat their kind of sacrament to their eternal damnation.

32. We believe that Christ is every where, but particularly in our church.

33. We maintain that we cannot marry any heretic woman, without being in danger of the judgment.

34. We maintain that heretics know neither the will of the prophets nor of Christ.

35. We acknowledge that the rosary of St. Bridget is to be said once a week; and, lastly, that our holy church can never err. *Secula seculorum.*

Roche and Murphy said mass four times on the march from Gory to Arklow.

FINIS.

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